



## Haul that halliard

Songwriter Dave Wheatley

Haul that halliard, haul that yard, boys  
Haul it higher, above your head  
Making white sails, out of grey skys  
'Till it turns, your hands blood-red

*Haul it high boys, swing it **low, boys***

*low, boys*

*Haul that halliard, '**till you drop***

*'till you drop*

*Haul it high boys, swing it **low, boys***

*low, boys*

*Haul that halliard, '**till you drop***

*'till you drop*

If I ever, leave this hell ship  
I'm coming home, again once more  
Oh! Sally, Sally, do not scorn me  
Do not turn me, from your door

### CHORUS

When I'm back in, dear ol' Wareham  
With Sally Brown, my dearest maid  
She'll be proud of, her dear John, boys  
and the cash, that has been made

### CHORUS

You won't be sorry, that you wed me  
When you see what, I have done  
Haul that halliard, haul that yard, boys  
Look a here Sal, at what I've done

### CHORUS

*Haul it high boys, swing it **low, boys***

*low, boys*

*Haul that halliard '**till you drop***

*Until you drop*